Ca. Peace-a-your tongue: ſpeake-a-your Tale.

Si. To deſire this honeſt Gentlewoman (your Maid) to ſpeake a good word to Miſtris *Anne Page*, for my Maſter in the way of Marriage.

Qu. This is all indeed-la: but ile nere put my finger in the fire, and neede not.

Ca. Sir *Hugh* ſend-a you? *Rugby*, ballow me ſome paper: tarry you a littell-a while.

Qu. I am glad hee is ſo quiet: if hee had bin throughly moued, you ſhould haue heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholly; but notwithſtanding man, Ile doe yoe your Maſter what good I can; and the very yea, and the no is that French Doctor my Maſter, (I may call him my Maſter, looke you, for I keepe his houſe; and I waſh, ring, brew, bake, ſcowre, dreſſe meate and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my ſelfe.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hand.

Qui. Are you a-uis'd o' that? you ſhall finde it a great charge: and to be vp early, and downe late; but notwithſtanding, (to tell you in your eare, I would haue no words of it) my Maſter himſelfe is in loue with Miſtris *Anne Page*; but notwithſtanding that I know *Ans* mind, that's neither heere nor there.

Caius. You, Iack 'Nape; giue-'a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a ſhallenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a ſcuruy Iack-a-nape Prieſt to meddle, or make: —— you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here; by gar I will cut all his two ſtones; by gar, he ſhall not haue a ſtone to throw at his dogge.

Qui. Alas, he ſpeakes but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat; do not you tell-a-me dat I ſhall haue *Anne Page* for my ſelfe? by gar, I vill kill de Iacke Prieſt; and I haue appointed mine Hoſt of de Iarteer to meaſure our weapon, by gar, I will my ſelfe haue *Anne Page*.

Qui. Sir, the maid loues you, and all ſhall bee well; Wee muſt giue folkes leaue to prate; what the good-ier.

Caius. Rugby, come to the Court with m
not *Anne Page*, I ſhall turne your head
follow my heeles, *Rugby*.

Qui. You ſhall haue *An*-fooles he
No, *I* know *Ans* mind for that; neuer a
knowes more of *Ans* minde then *I* doe,
then *I* doe with her, *I* thanke heauen.

Fenton. Who's within there, hoa?

Qui. Who's there, *I* troa? Come neer
you.

Fen. How now (good woman) how

Qui. The better that it pleaſes your
aske?

Fen. What newes? how do's pretty

Qui. In truth Sir, and ſhee is pretty, a
tle, and one that is your friend, I can tel
way, I praiſe heauen for it.

Fen. Shall *I* doe any good thinkſt tho
my ſuit?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hand
withſtanding (Maſter *Fenton*) Ile be ſw
ſhee loues you; haue not your Wor
your eye?

Fen. Yes marry haue I, what of that?

Qui. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good
other *Nan*; (but (I deteſt) an honeſt
bread: wee had an howres talke of that w
laugh but in that maids company, bu
giuen too much to Allicholy and muſin
well—goe too——

Fen. Well, I ſhall ſee her to day; hold
thee. Let mee haue thy voice in my beh
her before me, commend me.——

Qui. Will I? I faith that wee will; A
Worſhip more of the Wart, the next t
dence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, fare-well, I am in great haſ

Qui. Fare-well to your Worſhip;